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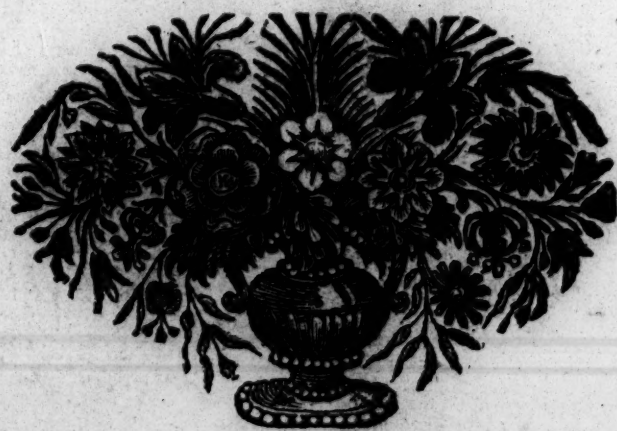
A N
A N S W E R
T O T H E
A D V I C E

T O
Mr. *L—g—n*, the Dwarf Fann-Painter

A T
T U N B R I D G E - W E L L S.

To which is added,

T A B L E - T A L K,
In the MODISH TASTE.



L O N D O N :

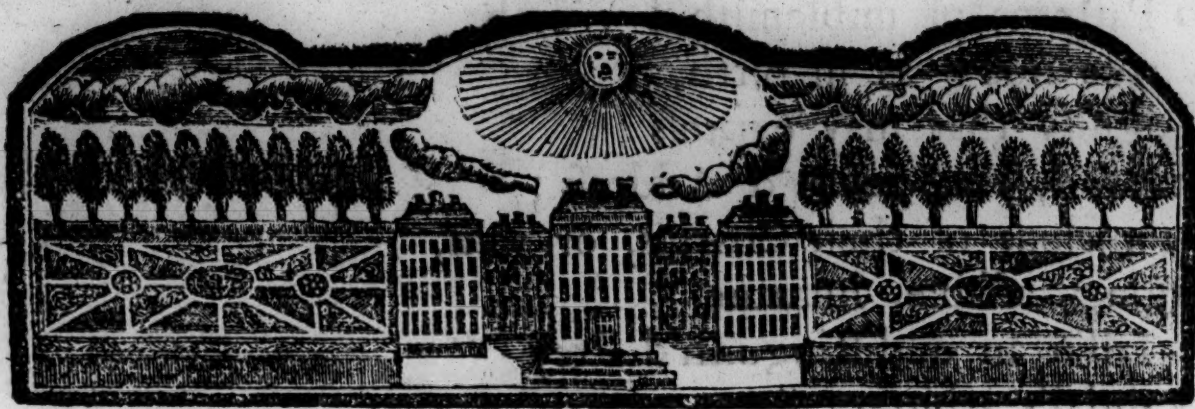
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[Price Six-Pence.]

TO THE



UNITED



A N

A N S W E R, &c.



A D Fate propitious made it mine
 In *Claude's* or *Tition's* Sphere to shine,
 No Hill with stately Verdure crown'd,
 Nor Vale for lucid Streams renown'd,
 Nor bleating Lamb, nor wanton Fawn,
 Lightly skipping o'er the Lawn;
 Nor Shepherd's Cott, nor Hermit's Cell,
 Should temp my Genius to excell:
 The only Object of my Care
 Should be a Landskip of the Fair.
 Come gentle Muse, the Thought pursue,
 And place the Originals in View.
 But soft, for Clouds of Malice rise
 To eclipse the Beams of radiant Eyes,
 And let their baleful Influence fall,
 Cloath'd in the Bitterness of Gall.
 Apt to refresh, for so Fame tells,
 The cruel Taste of *Tunbridge-Wells*.
 'Tis easy to have Parts and Skill
 Sufficient to say something Ill,
 Indulging Censure at the Expence
 Of Wit, good Manners, and good Sense.

Two Patterns of unblemish'd Worth,
 In Virtue nob'e as in Birth,
 Of Dignity that may express
 A graceful, tho' reserv'd Address;
 Nor conscious of their Charms, or vain,
 Engaging, affable, humane,
 Have fall'n an undistinguish'd Prey
 To Scandal's arbitrary Sway:
 Let Justice be the Point in View,
 And *Tennet's* Daughters prove it true.
 Can *Lincoln's* noble Mein offend
 On whom the Graces pleas'd attend?
 Restore to the much injur'd Fair,
 Charms which the *Cyprian* Queen might wear,
 And let the illustrious Portrait shine
 With Air, and Grace, and Form divine;
 Lampooner, Flippant, and unkind,
 Say, what Politeness made thee find
 For *Fanny* fair, and gentle *Grace*,
 A Term so fine as Saucy-Face;
 If Fancy gay, and harmless Wit,
 If Elegance without Conceit,
 If smiling Sweetness have a Charm
 Ingenious Envy to disarm,
 Submit it to no vulgar Eyes,
 And either *Pelham* gains the Prize.
 If 'tis a Crime to live at Ease,
 And carelessly Mankind to please,
 Then Scandal, Rail and Malice Sneer,
 The Loves and Smiles that play round Freer,
 Bless'd *Faulkner's* happy Power to use,
 The Freedom Virtue cannot lose,
 Lend *Howe's* gay Negligence of Art,
 Tenderest in Person as in Heart,
 Since then poetical Abuse
 Pronounced Mirth without Excuse;
 Nor Youth nor Beauty ought can say
 To countenance the *Toujours Gai*.
 Henceforth bid Nature from the Mind,
 Solemn and Grace in all Mankind,

And

And wisely give to Twenty-four,
The Coldness of reserv'd Threescore.

Mistaken Bard ! renounce the Bays,
Forbear their Satyr and their Praise,
Each unsuccessful Theme refuse,
Great Merit scorns a vulgar Muse,
And injur'd Beauties best Defence
Against Reproach is Innocence.

T A B L E - T A L K.

————— *Poema est*
Pictura loquens.

HOR.

WHEN lovely *Cælia* had resign'd
The dear Delights of Womankind,
And cou'd without Reluctance see
The Powers of Talk inspiring Tea
Imperial in its last Decay,
Glad Mrs. *Betty's* harmless prey,
When all the Fountains that supply
The Pools of rich Quadrille were dry,
And each promiscuous Fish was seen
Stretch'd on the Pearl bespangled Green;
When *Phæbus* had consign'd his Power
To a mild Evening's cooler Hour,
And lent the Jewels of his Light
T' adorn the Empress of the Night.
'Twas solemnly agreed upon
By *Mary* Cook, and Butler *John*,
That Supper in the Parlour shou'd be
With Expedition vast as cou'd be,
For Master with Delay was hungry,
And Mistress with Impatience angry.
Swift as the Word the Cloth was laid,
And all was hush'd 'till Grace was said,

When

When ill-brook'd Silence soon gave Way,
 To bring Discourse again in Play.
 — But, Sir, if these Accounts be true,
 The *Dutch* have mighty Things in View;
 The *Austr'ans* — I admire *French* Beans,
 Dear Ma'am, above all Sorts of Greens.
 — They say the *Prussian* Schemes are quash'd;
 — Oh! Ma'am! 'tis admirably hash'd:
 Some Pepper — and I hear *Argyle* —
 A little Vinegar, and Oil —
 But that, perhaps, is all a Jest, Sir,
 — Ma'am, which you please — which you like best, Sir.
 I think green Peas — if understood
 The Grand Duke's Schemes — are lovely good;
 Mind Mr. *John* — will humble *France*;
 Sir, your good Health — but that's a Chance —
 Miss *Harriot*'s vastly grown, Ma'am: Why!
 So her Papa thinks — Mrs. *Fry*
 Is out of Patience — Ma'am, a Piece
 Of Sturgeon — with her little Niece;
 They're both Years Children — *John*, some Bread.
 — But *Harriot*'s taller by the Head.
 They came from School — stay, let me see,
 I think 'twas — Almond-Flummery;
 Venture to taste it — Mr. *Sear*,
 The Night that *Garrick* play'd King *Lear*.
 Oh! I remember — dearest Ma'am, let
 Me help you — when he acted *Hamlet*,
 My Sister *Asburnham* had on
 Her Pink and Silver — harkee, *John* —
 And some rude Rabble from the Gallery
 — The Soup tastes delicate of Cellery —
 Threw, God knows what, upon her Sleeve,
 She's got it out, Ma'am, I perceive;
 Oh! no, Ma'am, she was forc'd to buy —
 Your humble Servant, Doctor *Dry* —
 A whole new Breadth — we had such Sport
 Of Mrs. *Vokes* in Old Round-Court.
 Dear Mrs. *Chatwell* have you heard
 — To me a Teal's a better Bird —

How Mrs. *Branche's* Cause goes on —?

— A little Water Mr. *John*. —

Oh! Mrs. *Branche*, I can't abide her —:

Pray, Mr. *James*, a Glas of Cyder —.

— Some say — a little Butter, mix'd

With Capers, — she is so unfix'd

She can't — eats most delightful in it —

Continue in a Mind one Minute —.

No Carp, Ma'am, is, — and so we see

Above all Sorts of Fish, to me

A Triflingness. — You knew *Tom's* Wife

In ev'ry Action of her Life.

Tom Branche's Wife I knew, — another

Potatoe, if you please, — and Mother,

His Mother — Mr. *Oldham* speaks;

John, don't you hear? — within three Weeks after —

These Eggs I always poach —

Was overturn'd in *York* Stage-Coach —;

And Mrs. *Mixon*, as for her —,

— Miss, your good Health, Ma'am, your's, good Sir —;

She went to *Perth*; poor Soul, it cry'd,

And ran to me, — and there she dy'd.

Poor little Soul! Ma'am, some of those —

And did it hurt its little Nose?

Yes, Ma'am, it bled. — I choose a Wing.

Sir, you are quite — like any thing —.

But, Doctor, if the noble Duke —

Take out that Skewer there to the Cook —

Should trounce Monsieur, — I'm bold to say

— A little Sweetbread, Mrs. *Day*; —

That 'tis impossible the *Dutch* —

Ma'am, if you please, not quite so much —;

Refuse to assist — Yes, Ma'am, but Spices

Improve it vastly — at this Crisis.

Good gracious! he's a dreadful Jobster —!

Ma'am, I prefer one Inch of Lobster

At any Time to twenty Crabs.

Oh! I forgot — they're lovely Rabbits;

Dear Ma'am, but now you mention Habits —

Miss *Drawbridge*, your good Health; — Miss *Perkin*

Has got the fearfull'st frightful Jerkin!

It looks so tarnish'd, and so old —.
 Miss *Jeves*, I hope you've caught no Cold.
 No, not at all, Ma'am. — Fetch the Cheese in —.
 Snuff always did set me a sneezing. —
 — The Association's form'd, we hear; —
John, mix a little Ale and Beer.
 Why really, Ma'am, your Health, Miss *Bays*,
 — Folks talk on't many different Ways,
 Tho' 'tis a Case that I'm no Judge in; —
 — Ma'am, I'm prodigious fond of Gudgeon —
 But apt to prate — they're fine stew'd Pears —
 At such a Juncture of Affairs —.
 Dear Ma'am, you've heard how 'Squire *Bodling* —,
 My Daughter *Ford* admires a Codling —
 It rain'd so dreadful, cou'd not go,
 He, and Miss *James*, and Mrs. *Slow*,
 So far as *Tewksbury* last Week —.
 Sure, *John*, you heard Miss *Idle* speak!
 You saw Miss *Drawbridge*, Ma'am, last *Sunday*;
 Yes, Ma'am, I did; and Mrs. *Munday*
 Had lost her Parrot. Pray, Ma'am, how?
 I really, Ma'am, can't tell, I vow.
 I pity the poor Creature's Fate;
 — Give Mrs. *Dikes* a China-Plate.
 But poor Miss *Drawbridge* will run wild —;
 No, Ma'am, our Cream is always boil'd.
 For our Part, Ma'am, I can't but say
 We all — Make Haste, and take away —
 Are mighty fond of Slip-flops. — Bring
 The Wine and Fruits — Ma'am, Church and King —
 Miss, shall I help you, Sir, I beg,
 Sir there's enough — Ma'am, Sister *Peg*
 Is well, but *George* has hurt his Leg:
 My Aunt was in a veh'ment Fright —.
 His Left Leg, Ma'am? No, Ma'am, his Right —.
 Poor Master *George*, — Ma'am, I hope —
 No, Ma'am, he's with my Uncle *Cope*;
 And is as lively and as brisk
 As — Ma'am, do you choose a Game at Whisk.

F I N I S.



